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THE MIRACLE AND MONUMENT:

OR

THE DEAD RAISED; THE LOST FOUND; HELL DEFEATED; AND GRACE TRIUMPHANTLY DISPLAYED:

IN A

Brief Memoir

OF

GEORGE RUDMAN,

(OF CHELTENHAM,)

WHO FELL SWEETLY ASLEEP IN JESUS, ON LORD'S DAY, MAY 11, 1851, IN THE 19TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

BY JOSEPH F. RUDMAN,

Minister of the Gospel. Author of "Memoirs of Mr. Wm. Facott," "Gleanings among Golden Sheaves," &c.

"For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also who sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him."—1 Thess. iv. 14.

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1852.

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PREFACE.

COURTEOUS READER,

As a simple and unadorned memorial of the goodness and grace of God to a poor sinner, the following pages are presented for your perusal. They simply state facts as they *were:* and while they relate to a brother beloved, yet more, I trust, to the grace and mercy of a covenant God, displayed in plucking him as a brand from the burning, and saving him with an everlasting salvation, than to him.

Every child of God is indeed a MIRACLE and MONUMENT of grace: and to write the history of *one* such, *who was dead, but is alive again,* were to write, in many particulars, the history of *all.* It may then be asked, *Why write this?* I answer, *To set forth the wonders of saving grace,* as well also as for the following, to me weighty reasons.

1. For the encouragement of believing parents, whose posterity are growing up around them, still to seek favour for them at the Lord's hand, in submission to his will, *amidst the greatest apparent discouragement and non-success.* "Pray without ceasing."

2. As a word to Sabbath-school Teachers, to GO FORWARD. Your's is a *noble* work. You labour often amidst great discouragements; yet, remember, what may not be seen *at once*, may, and often does, spring up *afterward*. "In the *morning* sow thy seed, and in the *evening* withhold not thine hand." Your's is work for eternity.

3. As a word to seeking, and oftentimes desponding, characters. GEORGE RUDMAN stands before you a *miracle* and *mouument* indeed. Yet in his case, hell was defeated, and grace triumphantly displayed. *He* obtained mercy, why not *you?* His was *aggravated* sin; but where sin *abounded*, grace did *much more* abound:" for "He hateth putting away."

4. Nor is this all. I have written it with an "Who can tell?" These pages may fall into the hands of some poor thoughtless youth, some boy or girl in our Sabbath-schools, working in the factory or warehouse, or some of riper age, who have no thoughts of God, and no concern, savingly, about their soul; and it may lead to their conversion unto God. That so it may be, and thus become a blessing unto saint and sinner, is the prayer and desire of,

Courteous Reader,

Thine affectionately in Jesus,

JOSEPH F. RUDMAN.

TROWBRIDGE,
Dec., 1851.

THE MIRACLE AND MONUMENT:

A Memoir.

GEORGE RUDMAN, the subject of the present Memoir, was born in Burton Street, Cheltenham, in the month of December, 1832; and consequently, was at the time of his death, in his nineteenth year.

It was his privilege to be brought up by believing parents, under the sound of a preached gospel —early sent to the Sabbath-school connected with the chapel of which his parents were members, and watched over at home with the most constant and affectionate care. His parents studied not only his temporal good; but were deeply anxious for his eternal welfare.

This is a privilege beyond what many had *then*, and have *now;* and why it should fall to his lot, and not others, is wholly to be attributed to the *sovereign* goodness and *unmerited* mercy of God. This is the true source of all beneficial distinctions.

I may be permitted here to mention the advan-

tages of the Sabbath-school with which he was connected at Salem Chapel. For though the teachers cannot infuse grace, they can and do impart instruction, which, as God shall bless, is productive of fruit to his praise. The kindness of the teachers, and their care, is still present to my mind; and though many who once taught are now in glory, their memory is fragrant, and they still live in my remembrance. Would that parents generally more appreciated the self-denying labors of the teachers in our Sabbath-schools.

It pleased God peculiarly to bless him in a good mother. A *good* mother! What do not thousands owe, under God, to a God-fearing mother? The charge of the house, the management and care of the family peculiarly lies with the woman. And oh, what does not maternal anxiety suggest, for the good and welfare of the little ones around, especially when grace is in the heart, and the fear of God is before the eyes!

Such was the case with his dear mother now in glory. Often has she gathered her family around her at the throne of grace; and while his father has been far away in the busy scenes of the world, her knee has been bent, and in simplicity of heart and word, yet with fervency of desire, her address has ascended before the golden altar on behalf of each. *Pointed* has been the petitions thus uttered, while the sins of each has been confessed, the failings of each deplored, and the rich mercy of God implored for the sake of Jesus.

Years, with their changes, have rolled away *since then, but the* scene is still before me; and *the mortification* my pride has had, and the enmity

I have felt to the service, I still remember. Peradventure some may be reading this, who find the wholesome, and godly restraints of believing parents, a galling yoke; let such remember, that it is among their greatest mercies; and that obedienee to parents is the first commandment with promise. Eph. vi. 1, 2. Disobedience to the wholesome directions of parents, has been the forerunner of the direst calamities. I trust no parent may be reading this who does not bring up their children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." If so, let them reflect, *the word of God is against them.* But what if they themselves be without grace? Then their position is solemn indeed!

Pardon this digression, dear reader; I write for usefulness, and cannot help but think that some such may read "this short and simple annal."

And on the other hand, some dear parent may be reading this, who often knows the agony of soul which is felt for the family growing up around them, with all the wants of *time*, and the solemn consideration of their *immortal souls* and *eternity.* Or some may be looking through its pages, who are the children of such parents: then accompany me patiently still onwards in my simple narrative and observations.

Grace is not hereditary; nor is it confined to any *age* or *time.* John shall receive divine impressions before he perceives the light of day; (Luke i. 41;) and the thief shall come to the end of his days, and while suffering the just penalty of the law for his crimes, shall be quickened into eternal *life,* and there be brought to a saving *knowledge* and confession of Jesus. Luke xxiii.

42, 43. And with the case of a Samuel, and a Timothy before the eyes of a parent, whose heart God has touched, not knowing *who*, he prays for saving mercy to be manifested to *all*, saying in the meanwhile, "Not *my* will, but *thine*, O Lord, be done." Some are taken home in *infancy*. There can be *no doubt* as to them. They, though born in sin, are saved by grace; and renewed of the Holy Ghost, and taught by him; they are gathered as lilies, and will for ever sing the praises of him who has so gathered them.

Others again in *childhood's* years are taken from the evil to come; and often has the Lord made it to be manifest that "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings he has perfected praise."

An instance of this was seen in a sister of the subject of the present memoir, who died before completing her eighth year. The writer knew not the Friend of sinners when God took her to himself; but well does he remember her solemn and solid behaviour, (quite the reverse of other children,) and the questions she would put to her mother, with all the artless simplicity of childhood, as to Christ and heaven. Yea, it was matter of astonishment to her parents and other *ancient* christians, the things which dropped from her lips before she left the stage of time, for the golden, glorious scenes of a blissful immortality. My soul is affected while I thus retrace some of those things which lie in the far-off distance of time past; and which thus tends in the recital, to magnify the *great* riches, and *exceeding* power of the grace of God.

Nor should it be for a moment thought *incredible*. *Every* soul, young or old, infant or aged,

are dead in trespasses and sins, until quickened into life by the Holy Ghost. And as he has a set time for his work, so no bound or limit can be set thereto; for he quickens whom he will, where he will, and when he will; and puts forth the same almighty energy in all those who are ordained unto eternal life.

The infant years of my brother were marked by nothing remarkable beyond the common and every day occurrences of childhood. Its sicknesses he was brought through, and the most malignant of them, viz., the small pox, he, together with an elder brother, was brought up from, though both were sunk very low. When myself, his father, and another brother were ill in the typhus fever, from which we were never expected to recover, he was preserved, so that it touched him not; for sickness nor death can do their work unless they have their commission and permit.

His disposition on the whole was amiable, though his temper was quick, and he was easily led, either *right* or *wrong*. Like the rest of Adam's posterity, he gave *unmistakeable* proofs that he was born in sin, and shapen in iniquity. "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? *not one.*" "Folly is bound up in the heart of a child." So it was with him, and so it is with all.

Of his school days much cannot be said, as little by the writer is known; and moreover, sad reverses in providence were an hindrance to his having such an education as is desireable, though among the great advantages of the *present* day is a *cheap*, and in many instances a *good* education.

But alas! in how many thousand instances is it not the case, that if education can be had for *two-pence* per week, yet if the child can earn a shilling, such is the pressing claim of *necessity*, that as soon as the child *can* earn a trifle, he or she must go to work and earn it. Here the Sabbath school has proved a blessing to thousands, even as a benefit; for where the advantages of the day school has been denied, the Sabbath school has, in its measure, supplied the deficiency and made up for the loss. Teach them to read God's word, and you have opened a field to them indeed—*the field of* TRUTH. While teaching them the *history*, the Spirit may lead them into the *mystery*; and while the teacher is *proclaiming* the way of salvation, God may give the *application*, and make them manifest as *saved* to his own glory and praise.

He entered upon the busy scenes of life by first working with me; afterwards by becoming an errand boy; and, subsequently to that, by becoming a painter and glazier, which he followed until the time of his death.

It pleased God, who moves in a mysterious way, first, by affliction to remove *me* from home, and then, after a rapid decline, to remove his dear mother by death, in the month of August, 1847.

> "She sleeps in Jesus, and is blest;
> How sweet her slumbers are!"

This month was a month of sorrow and of grief indeed. Has any of my young readers lost a mother—a kind and God-fearing parent—a wise counseller, whose watchful care has been ever exercised for your good? Then you can enter into

the grief that is felt while consigning to the cold and narrow grave a dear mother. The last look —the stillness of death—the sad quiet of the chamber where she lies—the coffin—the gathering on the day of interment—the mournful procession in funeral order—the solemnities of the grave—the lowering of the corpse—and the solemn, but saddening thought, *we shall see her face no more* —the empty chair—the strangeness of the little ones who cannot enter into the loss—all tends to impress the mind with strange and conflicting emotions. Then comes the cheering thought—she is now in bliss, she walks in white, she sees the Lamb who was slain, she weeps no more, she is free from pain, her race is finished, her conflicts are over—she wears a crown, she bears a palm, and songs of immortal victory are sung by her ransomed and glorified spirit for ever and ever.

But who can make up for a mother's loss? George soon found her loss; he grew careless, missing her watchful eye, and, finding the yoke gone from his neck, taking occasion of his father's absence from home in the business of the world, he mixed in company, and growing acquainted with those loose and lewd characters who are to be found in every large town, he became ensnared, and having tasted the delusive pleasures of sin, seemed bent upon pursuing the downward way to destruction.

These things, conducted at first secretly, became at last more open; and then followed remonstrances on his father's part, and more increasing obstinacy and waywardness on his. The race course and playhouse, those scenes of infamy,

and pesthouses of delusive vice, could not be visited without money; he had none of his own; and his father would not supply him; and then began a scene which I would gladly pass over, did I dare; but to shew how satan led him captive, to set a warning to others, and yet to shew how in his case mercy *triumphed* in his rescue, I enter upon it.

His first work was secretly to strip his mother's boxes, then his sister's; then, during a week's absence of his father from home the best of *his* tools; and, by the facilities afforded by pawnshops, to raise money on it, and then spend it in folly and vice.

This was awful work. And if this was the beginning, where would be the ending? We feared a felon's prison and a felon's grave. His conduct broke the peace of his family, and destroyed their rest. "A foolish son is a bitterness to his father," indeed. Every method was tried with him, persuasives, remonstrances, and threatenings, and all alike proved in vain. Like the mad Gadarene *no man could tame him*; he was infatuated, possessed, and led captive by the devil at his will. Respect to his father only kept parties whom he defrauded again and again from casting him into a prison! Added to all which, drunkenness and its attendant evils were now reckoned to his former excesses; and for many, to me sad and sorrowful months, to get money by *any* means, to curse bitterly those who opposed him, and finally, turning his back on home and friends, he wandered to and fro, ofttimes shirtless, stockingless, and well nigh barefoot, with little or

nothing by day, and any outhouse, sometimes only an old shutter to cover him from the inclemency of the weather by night. I have wept again and again when I have thought upon the poor wanderer and his ways. *He was my brother still;* all his baseness had not destroyed relationship.

But was he himself happy? Oh no! "the way of transgressors is hard." Conscience *will* speak! And should any be reading this who are even as George Rudman was, you know an aching heart. Wretchedness and misery is in all your path, and death, *eternal* death, unless grace prevent, is at the end of it. There is no peace to the wicked here nor hereafter. I can only say that my poor infatuated brother suffered from hunger, cold, and nakedness so painfully, as never to forget it until his dying day. He had been brought up tenderly, and his constitution being never very strong, a foundation was doubtless laid by these excesses for that disease which carried him to the tomb.

Sickened at length, it seems, of the miseries and absolute wretchedness of his present course, like the prodigal, he returned to his home, and residing once more under his father's roof, became more steady, which was a source of gladness to all.

Uniform kindness marked his conduct to me, when, in the month of June, 1850, I supplied the pulpit of Bethel Chapel, Cheltenham, for my dear brother, Mr. J. E. Bloomfield; and though I could see no marks of spiritual life in him, yet I was glad to see him under the word, and steadiness marking his character. Little did any of us think then, that before another summer he would be

laid beneath the clods of the valley. "Is there not an *appointed* time for man on the earth?" "Thou hast appointed the *bound*, over which he cannot pass."

In the month of September following, his brother Frederick, who for many years had been suffering from a spinal complaint, was suddenly seized with convulsions, and in the short space of twenty-two hours was a corpse! Thus was another of the family numbered with the silent dead: and hardly was he laid in the grave before affliction seized George, and he was brought very low. Inflammation in the side came on; he never really rallied, but gradually grew weaker, until, despite of all medical treatment, it settled in a deep decline.

Being engaged to preach at Ebenezer Chapel, Peter's Lane, Leicester, I saw him on my way thither in the month of February in the present year (1851). I did not apprehend any serious danger *then*, but on my return a few weeks afterwards I found by the change in him that the worst was to be feared, and that he was fast hastening into an eternal world. And then came the solemn consideration, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." I talked to him, prayed with him, and felt what it would be in vain to describe. From *that* evening all hope touching this world died with *him*; he had been buoying himself up with the hope of health, and finding himself bereaved of that, his soul was filled with alarm.

I left him for home with many sad recollections and sorrowful reflections. George and his immortal interests lay near my soul. I felt a wrest-

ling for him from day to day; I travailed in birth for his soul, and could take no denial in his case. O eternity, eternity! and either heaven or hell for ever and ever, is a vast and solemn consideration.

> "Just as the tree cut down which fell,
> To north or southward, there it lies:
> So man departs to *heaven* or *hell*,
> *Fix'd* in the state *wherein* he dies."

If he dies *blessed* he *is* blessed; if he dies *cursed* he *is* cursed, and that *for ever!* With feelings in my breast somewhat akin to this, I wrote him the following letter.

"Trowbridge, March 4, 1851.

"MY DEAR BROTHER:—

"My thoughts have been very often exercised about you since I reached home; thinking about your very sad state of health, and the very probable matter of your *never* recovering from it, and the solemn thought of your never-dying soul, and heaven, and hell, and eternity, especially Christ's words, 'Except a man be born again,' that is, from above, by the Holy Ghost, 'he cannot see the kingdom of God.' John iii. 3.

"Deeply and solemnly am I brought to ponder over these things, and very fearful that you do not know what that change of heart is without which you cannot see God. Consider how awful to die without hope. God Almighty bring you to see your state as a poor, lost, ruined sinner, and bring you to cry mightily unto him for an *application* of the precious blood, and an imputa-

tion of the righteousness of Jesus, by which means you will know in very deed that you are saved with an everlasting salvation.

"There can be no entering heaven but by Jesus Christ, for 'all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.' Nor can any prayers or doings of our own merit heaven, or procure mercy; for we are saved by grace and grace only, if saved at all. May this encourage you to look to the Lord and go to him.

"Remember, he casts out none who go to him; but saves to the very uttermost. The Lord grant you to know and feel your need of him, and make you a prayerfully seeking character! that as your days here are evidently but few, when you go hence you may go to heaven, to be in the company of saints and angels, and enjoy the presence of Jesus for ever.

"Believe me, my dear brother, when I say, I wish you well; my prayer is to God for you. But then, my prayers will not save you: God give you to pray for yourself, and cause you to know and feel salvation work in your inmost soul. Write to me, dear brother, and let me know how you are in body and mind.

"I remain,

"Your affectionate brother,

"JOSEPH F. RUDMAN."

A few sentences from a letter which took him many days to write, through extreme weakness, and which partook of the changes of his mind, I *here subjoin.*

"Believe me, my dear brother, I was very glad with your kind letter, which you wrote for the good of my never-dying soul. I feel *very* miserable, and could wish to pray; then I think, This wretch, what has he to say for himself? *Nothing*, after all these years of wickedness. I feel as if I had gone *too far*, and now God was saying, 'Cut him down; why cumbereth he the ground?' When I attempt to pray, I can only say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner;' and then I fear not as I ought. I find, too, a hard heart, and an evil temper, and then satan says, 'To hell you *must* go, it is *too late*—you must die and be with me!' Sometimes I feel that I can call him a liar; and sometimes I am ready to agree with him, and say, 'I *shall* be lost to all eternity.'"

This letter to me spoke volumes. Nor was I wrong. Deep and solemn convictions had entered into his soul. Great was the agony of his mind; and under the burden of his guilt, and the fearful forebodings of woe, he frequently exclaimed, "*I shall be lost! I shall be lost!*" His past life filled him with bitterness and sorrow; and mercy being in the background, and pardoning love not being realized as yet, a cloud was over all the scene, and nothing before his eyes but the pit. Learning this, I wrote to him again to the following effect.

"Ashton Street, Trowbridge, April, 1851.

"My dear Brother,—

"I now sit down to write a few lines to you, *and hope, if* they do not find you better in body,

that they may find you at the footstool of mercy, humbly asking for pardon and peace through the blood of Jesus.

"There is none who ever went to him, sensible of their utter ruin, but had an answer of peace. I pray the Lord to deepen *your* convictions, and humble *you* under his mighty hand.

"Ah, my dear brother, though you have gone far away, yet not beyond the reach of abounding mercy.

"See what Christ saith, Matt. xi. 29; and look again at all his miracles, and see what he did for one and another. See also, my dear brother, Paul's account, Rom. iii., iv., v.; also Eph. ii.; 1 Tim., i. 12, 18; and Titus iii.

"Yea, my dear brother, take God's holy and blessed Word, and you may see what it says of man's state by nature in Psalm li.; and what it declares of God's omniscience in Psalm cxxxix. Of the sinner's doom, the latter part of Matt. xxv. gives an account of, which is solemn indeed. For an account of the necessity for the new birth, of redemption by Christ, and of faith in him, see John iii.; and for a poor awakened sinner's encouragement, read Matt. v.: how that chapter abounds in blessings upon the poor in spirit, who mourn under a sense of their sins and iniquities, and hunger and thirst after the righteousness of Jesus!

"How a soul feels who has God for his portion may be learnt from Psalm xxiii.; the blessed experience of which, the Lord bring your soul into *a happy knowledge* of!

"*I do not* set you to read this as a task, but

you are anxious about your soul, you will see something here to meet your case. I long to know that you are brought to have no rest until you know something for yourself of Christ.

"There is nothing for *any* but an endless hell, unless washed from all sin in the precious blood of Jesus: but all who seek him *shall surely find him.* The Lord make *you* a finder.

"I remain,

"Your's affectionately,

"JOSEPH F. RUDMAN."

I found, dear reader, that the Lord was deepening the work, and instructing him in those solemn things which lays the sinner low, and abases him in the dust. At length it pleased the Lord, who is infinite in mercy, to turn his captivity, and give him much enjoyment of his love. At such times it was his delight to sing, or hear sung, such hymns as the following, they being peculiarly sweet unto him:

"Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform,
With Christ in the vessel, I'll smile at the storm."

And at another time the following,—

"Come, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one."

But there were times when he had his sinkings and depressions; and during one such season he

said, "*I find the cross heavy; very, very heavy.*" But one season of joy which he was favoured with, I cannot pass over: it was furnished by one who was with him.

"It was nearly two o'clock in the morning," says the narrator, "when sitting up in the bed with clasped hands, he said—'To compare heaven to my miserable bed—ah, it is miserable to what heaven is! Oh, the beauties of that place! Oh, delightful thought! to feel, after my hard bed of suffering, that I am going home! it makes light of all my pain. Oh, that I could always feel as I do now! Oh, that I had wings—I would fly away to his precious bosom now!'"

The last thing I sent him was a little tract on the new birth, and a sweet little narrative by my brother, Mr. Hawkins, of Bradford, entitled, "The one Taken, and the other Left." Thus ended our epistolatory correspondence. The next letter from home was from my dear brother William, to say that unless I came *at once*, I should see George no more alive. I instantly hurried to the railway station, and with varied emotions took my ticket for Cheltenham.

I reached the home of my childhood in safety, and found the whole of the family gathered round the dying bed. The greeting of the family was in silence; each heart was full; deep solemnity reigned around; the silence only occasionally interrupted by the sobbing of a dear sister, the sighing of the rest, and the deep and somewhat laboured breathing of the dying youth.

There lay the child of a parent's many prayers, *and the once* wretched slave of sin and satan, on

the borders of an eternal world, insensible to all terrestrial objects, yet peace reigning within! I stood by his bedside with peculiar emotions: I connected the past with the present, and upon a retrospective view, could not help exclaiming, "What hath God wrought?" Is this dying young man, the gay, the laughing, sportive creature, of childhood's happy years? Is this him who spent his time, his strength, his health, his all, sporting with death in the service of satan? *Now* how changed the scene, how altered the situation!

I approached him, and, bending over him, said, "George, do you think you are going to heaven?" Said he, "Yes." I said to him, "In what way?" "Through the blood of Jesus," said he, "*there is no other way.*" "Then," said I, "*you are satisfied.*" "*Yes,*" saith he, "*I am*; precious Jesus." "I have been thinking," continued he, "about the dying thief; and have thought I should like to have been he; *but there is mercy for me; for Christ died for sinners.*" "What a mercy," I exclaimed." "Yes," saith he, "precious Jesus!" "I know," continued he, "God is above the devil; if he intends to teach a man, he will afflict him, if necessary; and he can then raise him up again. As for what I may be if I was to live, I cannot tell; I can make no promises for the future; but this I can say, I *have found mercy.*" "But," said I, "are you *sure?*" Said he, "*The Bible cannot be true, if I have no hope.*"

Here, then, dear reader, was *triumphant* grace! A death bed is a solemn place; and a dying *pillow* becomes *hard* or *easy*, just as there may be

hope or otherwise. External objects to a beholder may be gloomy, but if to the sufferer himself the valley is light, the way clear, and everlasting love and faithfulness supporting, *all is well.*

George had by this time again sunk into insensibility, which continued until one o'clock, when he became fully conscious, and throwing his arms around my neck, called the family round the bedside. When they were come, with much solemnity he said, addressing us each, "What a mercy, Joseph, to meet *you* and *your's* in heaven; and you *father,* to meet you and *mother*—and you, William, and Jane, and to be with Jesus!" And this was said in such a way, as made it a never-to-be-forgotten scene.

I could not help remarking, as I stood an affected spectator of the scene, What a solemn thing is death! how solemn to part worlds! what shall we not need of grace when we come *here!* Then, what should we not be in our lives in all manner of holy conversation and doctrine *now!*

I read to him and engaged in prayer with him at his desire; and then finding him sinking into unconsciousness, I sat down to watch by his bedside until the morning.

The day was just beginning to break, and the light of a beautiful May morning was just struggling through the window of the chamber of sickness and death, the candle had not yet been extinguished, and for hours George had laid insensible, when we were surprised and completely overcome, by hearing the dying youth, in a tone of voice, for him astonishingly strong, break out *and sing the following* lines,

" When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the sky,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes."

The next was made up of two, thus transposed,

" Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Yet I shall safely reach my home,
My God, *my* heaven, *my* all."

This, to me, was most affecting. His once fine voice, now so broken, yet engaged in singing Zion's song in the swellings of Jordan, was to me a solemn proof of the power of the arm of our God. Death to the believer, is shorn of its terrors. It lost its sting when Jesus bowed his head on Calvary's cross. *He* was the *Death of deaths;* he destroyed *him* who had the power of it; he vanquished the grave; and as the Redeemer and the Strong, he is God's salvation unto the ends of the earth.

Turning to my brother William, George said to him, " Sing to me." This he did, by singing to him the following Hymn, which I shall call

THE CONTRAST.

" Death! 'tis a melancholy day,
To those that have no God;
When the poor soul is *forc'd* away,
To seek her last abode.

" In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes;
But guilt a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire and pain.

"Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear:
You must be *driv'n* from earth, and dwell
A long *for ever* there!

"See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face.
And *thou, my* soul, look downwards too,
And sing *recovering* grace.

"He is the God of *sovereign* love,
That *promised* heaven to *me*;
And taught *my* thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

"Prepare *me* Lord for thy right hand!
Then come the *joyful* day:
Come *death*, and some *celestial* band,
To bear *my* soul away."

After lying still a little while, he turned to us and said, "I want you both to sing to me the hymn commencing thus, 'Jesus and shall it ever be.'" We complied: it is as follows:

"Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee!
Ashamed of *thee*, whom *angels* praise,
Whose glories shine through *endless* days!

"Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far,
Let evening *blush* to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

"Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon,
Let midnight be asham'd of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright morning star! bids darkness flee.

"*Asham'd* of Jesus! that *dear* friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!

No; when I blush—be *this* my shame,
That I *no more* revere his name.

"Asham'd of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no *guilt* to wash away;
No *tear* to wipe, no *good* to crave,
No *fears* to *quell*, no *soul* to save.

"Till *then*—nor is my boasting vain,
Till *then* I boast a Saviour slain!
And O, may *this*, my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me."

I am sure the reader will pardon my transcribing these lines, expressing as I believe they do, not only what he felt for mercy, so distinguished as he had experienced, but also the utterance of every heart who knows anything of the grace, love and mercy of God, as seen in the person, and manifested in the work of our precious Lord Jesus Christ.

Intense sufferings, followed by insensibility, closed my conversation with him for hours. I again commended him to the Lord in prayer, and after mid-day on Saturday, he rapidly sunk. At short intervals they could hear him exclaim, "Precious Jesus! Precious Jesus!" mingled with ejaculatory prayer; and in the night he attempted to sing the following hymn, getting nearly through the first verse:

"Behold the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne,
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown."

Upon being asked whether it should be sung *through*, he said "Yes!" Whereupon the cham-

ber of death was again filled with the melody arising from the following verses:

"Let angels worship at his feet,
The Church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

"These are the prayers of the saints,
And these the hymns they raise;
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

"Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid,
Salvation, glory, joy remain,
For ever on thy head.

"Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoner free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

"The worlds of nature and of grace,
Are put beneath thy power;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour."

This was the last effort of his mind. At midday on the Sabbath he was no more. The ransomed spirit took its flight to bliss. And what a Sabbath to him! The name of Jesus upon earth is a ministration of life to the dead, salvation to the lost, and peace to the distressed. It is the fulness of the gospel proclamation; it is sweeter than honey under the Spirit's manifestation; and as in it is exhibited in superior illustration, mercy, love, grace, kindness and compassion, his name is as ointment *poured forth*. We rest on the name, we plead the *name, we live* on the name of Jesus. Jesus is

known by his name, his word, his work, his offices, his characters, his relations: and he is known in it all as *the salvation of God.* And to see him as he is, and to be like him, will be heaven. He is ALL on *earth* to a saint, and ALL in *heaven.*

And now, my dear reader, what is the sum and substance of the present memoir? Is it not that the chief of sinners are saved—and that Jesus saves to the *uttermost* all who come unto God by him? Most assuredly: and hence, the experience of every saint is only corroborative of the truth of the glorious gospel of the ever-blessed God. For the gospel is the embodiment of everything that is cheerful, hopeful and consoling. It is the best of news, to the worst of characters. It levels mountains and raises vallies. It brings together an offended God and offending sinners, for it is a ministry of reconciliation. It seeks no favors, asks no price, makes no enquiry about qualifications, nor searches for merit in its objects. It addresses the simple, and speaks to him of wisdom; it singles out the sensibly lost, and proclaims to him salvation. It opens up an eternity of love past, and speaks of an eternity of glory to come. Its news sets the soul longing and enquiring; and in answer to it all it says, "Mercy's pathway to heaven is Jesus Christ: that mercy brings into the way, keeps in the way, and opens the portals of bliss at the end of the way. It is a way of love, a way of life, a way of peace. Mercy lines all the way with Ebenezers, and crowns it with loving-kindnesses."

Does the reader know aught of this mercy? He *has been* reading of one who did, for had he not

known mercy, and been known by the God of mercy, he had went on in sin until he had lifted up his eyes in hell. There are providential mercies to which we owe all we have, and all we are naturally; there is salvation mercy, without which, a soul must be lost eternally. God, therefore, in his trinity of Persons, Father, Word and Holy Ghost, is the fountain of mercy; the covenant of grace is the magna charta of mercy; Jesus Christ in his love, blood and righteousness, is the salvation of mercy; the gospel is the great proclamation of mercy; while every saint is a vessel of mercy; and heaven itself is the consummation of that mercy which is from everlasting to everlasting.

Mercy is the great antidote, by the atonement of Jesus, for all the wretchedness and misery of sinful man. It planned the sinner's salvation before Satan did his destruction: and is more mighty to save, than sin is to damn. Yea, it blesses more effectually through the blood shed on Calvary's cross, than the law can curse penally through the sinner's sin, from Sinai's dark and cloud-capped summit. Sin, death, nor hell are *omnipotent*, but mercy is; for mercy is God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself; *not imputing iniquity unto them.* The foundations of sin has been destroyed, and yonder stream of blood has borne the curse away; but mercy cannot be removed, nor its sacred rights abrogated by any. From satan the prey *has* been taken—the cursed yoke of sin *has* been destroyed—its chains and fetters *have* been snapped asunder and broken in pieces. But who has *ever snatched* a sheep from mercy's fold; or torn *a vessel from* the nail of gold, fastened in a sure

place? NONE! *No, no,* my dear reader; mercy bears on its bosom peace and blessing. It is a provision for all that God in his holiness can require, or a sinner in any sense can need. If it speaks of righteousness it provides it; or of holiness it has procured it. Sanctification as an inward meetness, and redemption as a final deliverance, and all by Christ. It blesses and curses not; reflects God's honour, while it speaks of the security of the saint; and carries the weeping mourner to heaven in that way which causes every attribute of God, not only to stand his *guard,* but to give him a welcome, seeing that by the sacrifice of Jesus every attribute was honoured, and all harmonizes in glory. And what more shall I say? for time would fail me to tell of that mercy which saves such characters as was the subject of the present memoir. It is *itself;* it admits of no substitute; nor does it sanction any co-partnership with self or its doings. It seeks its own objects: and while it brings many from the ways of death, it never leaves for a moment the way of life; and while it saves all it seeks, it wears the crown of all it saves, Much of mercy may be known in the valley of weeping: but we must climb the summit of the hills of light, and gaze upon the Lamb who was slain—must stand amid the wreck of nature, and the crash of worlds—must see the sun turned into darkness, the moon dissolve to blood, the elements melt with a fervent heat, and all created matter burn in one vast conflagration—must see the gaping tomb, a yawning hell, listen to the shrieks of woe which follow the sentence, "Depart ye cursed," and mingle our songs with the ten thou-

sand times ten thousand harpers who strike the golden strings to the praises of his grace, ere we shall know to the full what that mercy is, which makes us lift up our heads while others hang down theirs': which gives us an inheritance of eternal bliss, when the lot of others is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. And oh, the thought! what gladness it imparts, that the joy of seeing Jesus, and being like him, is *eternal.*

Farewell, courteous reader: a few more days, and we shall be gone the way of all the earth: may I be permitted to ask, Is it well with your immortal soul? Are you too a MIRACLE and MONUMENT? If so, it is well, and that for ever.

FINIS.

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